A LETTER FROM THE HERMIT AT NIXON'S.

WENTY weeks of alternation between EDWIN FORREST and the dire persons who represent the drama at this house upon what are called the "off nights," must tell, eventually, upon the constitution even of the most robust man. Alas! for me, then, upon whose curving shoulders an additional burden of fifty years of sorrow has been placed by the irresistible contingency of that score of weeks. May the score in preparation for me by Mr. WILLIAM MOORE, who supplies us with gentle stimulants, be a great deal shorter and easier to bear, Amen! Let the cold world go on supposing that the cheerful old man sleeps away the winter in his romantic little wooden grotto, economising his midnight oil by permanently turning off the gas. Not so. Since the first night of this terribly protracted presence of the great American tragedian, sleep has not visited these very old eyes. Off nights are entirely inadequate to restore this shattered frame to a condition favorable for repose. Gin, which I swallow with unerring punctuality as a mild ameliorant, fails to induce oblivion of the too regular drama to which I am compelled to be a listener through their weary nights of the vociferous muse. Nay, even the once tranquil hours of the afternoon seem now to be devoted to the prevailing turbulence of modern tragedy. About the fifth gin-cock-tail of the day—they would call it three o'clock p. m., out in the world, I think—evidences have several times come to me that the turbulent tragedy was even then on hand. I could hear the loud stamps performed by the feet of the Eminent Native Tragedian upon the hollow boards. His yells were frequent and terrific. The half-inch pine-planks that surmounts my grotto threatened each moment to fall and crush me, as they vibrated to the distant earthquake of applause.

"FORREST seems worse, to day," remarked I to the elegantly attired page who just then entered with my medicine alluded to as consisting chiefly of gin.

"That ain't FORREST," replied the graceful youth, indicating with retrospective thumb the quarter whence the tumult came—"that's PEACOCK. He come on to this here theayter from the Sixthavnoo Stage."

Never before, had I, the Recluse, heard of the Eminent PEACOCK. That he is of the same school as the Great Tragedian, however, I have not even the shadow of a doubt; for the athletic stamp of hisf eet, and the reiterated sounds of "Wo! wo!"—in some cases I observed that it was "Wo, then!"—told me, but too plainly, that another great exponent of the Tragic Muse has come down upon us, or up among us, as the case may be.

I am mingling my sorrows with gin. Much of both is yet before me.

THE HERMIT.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER VII.

More about Lobbywomen.

To tell the truth, CARRAWAY is right; the supper room is the place for us and we have no right to mar the operations of the young people by taking up their valuable space with our incommodious bo dies. So I lock my arm in the young man's and march off to the supper room overhead (as all supper rooms ought to be.) "The Widow's going it rather strong in the boiled mutton line to-night," he remarks, in rather a louder tone than seems necessary, as we pass a couple seated on a sofa in the hall, "had CAPERS there ever since I came. Elegant chance for you to get off that old thing of yours in VANITY FAIR, about the Mess of Potash; ain't it?"

Well, if the representative of the Fifth Phalanx likes to sit there in the hall, where he will be gazed at by all the dancers cooling off, by all the sedentaries tired of sitting still, and by all the alimentaries going to supper and coming—but stay! Do they come back again? If, I say Mr. CAPERS likes to sit there with the back of his fine head resting on the cushion and his eyes turned upon the cornice opposite, listening to the cleverest woman in society; and if the cleverest woman finds the listener a satisfactory investment, who shall sneer at them? Not I, for one. I like to see people making the most of their opportunities. It gives a man a reputation for being clever, to be seen talking to clever people; and there are few of our sex who do not like to be poked in our old ribs, and accused of effectiveness among the ladies. And if Mrs. JOBLEY does find CAPERS rather dull, why you must remember that these are her office-hours and few persons get through their business with unmixed pleasure, or indeed, half so pleasantly. CAPERS does not say much, to be sure, though he is a great talker and a tiresome, at times, but his yea is yea, and his nay, nay, and his influence in his delegation is really astonishing. He will dance presently too; don't trouble yourself about him. He is only disgusted now because little TARANTULER has cut him out, and after he goes to bed he will think of a great many cutting remarks and will wish he had made them to his rival. CAPERS did not learn dancing at his age for nothing. There is not a young man out, not even the leader of the "German" who is so inveterate a disciple of "the mazy" as my and everybody's friend Mr. RICHARD SWIVELLER hath it; and though he dances with a stern and determined expression of countenance and looks very much, while in operation, as if he was suspended by the wire attached to his waistband after the manner of G. RAVEL (who must be at least a hundred years old or else his own grandson) in the *Red Gnome*, I sincerely believe CAPERS imagines that all the girls are dying to be asked if they are disengaged for the seventh and if he, ah, ha, may, h'm, have the honor——? Well then the eighth? ah, the eighth, thank you. So he stops washing his hands in the air and insists upon writing his name on the young lady's card. "How charmed you must be, Miss EMILY," or MARY, or what not, perhaps I say, having overheard the interview; "How I envy you that eighth dance! A redowa? O, delicious!" "Nonsense" Miss EMILY, or MARY, or what not, will reply, smiling irresistibly and tapping me reproachfully on the arm with her little fan (which is, of course, in a desperately fragmentary condition,) "Nonsense. I'm going, after the sixth!"

"I tell you what it is," says young CARRAWAY LEE after we get in to the supper room and by dint of much patience and some squeezing have at last contrived to secure standing room at the table, though with contracted elbow privileges; "I've got an elegant plan for getting rid of you old fogies."

"Oh, indeed," I cry, "how very kind in you! Really!"

"Oh, well," says the yonng man, "the fact is you're nothing but an infernal nuisance at parties anyhow. You crowd the mourners. And if ever I give one of these regular jams (which there's no human probability I ever shall, you know) guess what I mean to do?"

"Can't," I say; "it isn't a conundrum, is it?"

"Pshaw!" he replies, "I shall invite all the young men and all the girls that pay; and then, as for you old fogies, why, as you won't let us have our fun without you, I'll have a large dormitory in the garret for the dear mammas and you old supper-numeraries, ah! I'll give you an order on HAMMACK; "Good for a feed," or "Wittles for one;" how'll that do, hm? Big thing, ain't it?"

["HAMMACK'S is the place where you may notice the thirsty Thesaurians and others of the vicinage repairing at the middle and all other hours of the day for purposes inseparably connected with the wiping of lips and picking of teeth on reappearing to the world.]

"You miserable little jackanapes," I remark, not in the least displeased, however, "pass me that sherry and stop your nonsense."

Cheerful for Charleston.

Every day, for the last two or three weeks, paragraphs headed "Arms for Charleston" have been going the rounds of the papers. If the prophets who foretell of inevitable destitution in the South when disunion falls upon us are to be believed, all that will be changed by and by; and, instead of "Arms for Charleston" going the rounds of the papers, we shall see "Alms for Charleston" going the rounds of the paupers.

To Correspondents.

In reply to several parties who have written to us asking whether there is a secret vigilance committee sitting upon Helper's Book, we have only to say that we do not know. We believe it is pretty well ascertained, however, that there are a good many persons squatting upon John Brown's Tract.

People who live on a mere Crust.

All the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PICANINNI, January 30.

EAR VANITY:—Once more a victor, Galivanti is ours! . . . The fight was a hard one, and brilliant . . . especially when we set the town on fire. The morn was cold and misty. The sun arose like a dull red globe. I also arose, and after a hasty plate of maccaroni . . . warriors always patronize rapid cookery . . . I appeared among my devoted soldiery. "Follow me!" I cried, and they followed me.

We marched across marshes, and defiled through defiles. Soon, Galivanti came in sight . . . or rather we did. From the top of a lofty tower waved the detestable banner of the Fourbons.

"Down with the Old Bourbon . . . Flag!" I shouted. Then I put down some Old Bourbon, but I did not Flag.

We charged into the town. The charge was tremendous, like that of my boot-maker.

The Zouaves progressed with a series of back hand-springs, firing and loading as they went. Their execution was terrible . . . worse than that of SAM HALL.

At the city gates we were met by large numbers of the Disaffectionists, all wearing the Secession cockade. FRANCIS II. led them, riding in a light trotting-sulkey; as he came forward I squared to receive him. He let out with his left, quite cleverly, but I stopped it, and got home on his bugle, fetching the ruby a once. Deafening cheers, and cries of "First blood for MAC!" arose from the ranks. Some hot in-fighting followed, and we went down together, the King underneath.

An adjutant called "Time!" and we both came to the scratch, smiling. I stuck to my Old Bourbon, and got in a rattling slogger on his kissing-trap. He countered on my nob with a splendid left-hander. Both then fiddled awhile for wind, and after a few short blows, FRANK went down. Three to one was freely offered on my winning.

My antagonist came up a little groggy, and received a neat mouse under the right peeper. He began to show punishment, while I was as fresh as a daisy. A sockdologer on the nose-ration-trap made his royal jaws rattle again, but I got a slight tap on the smeller. In trying a fancy upper-cut, FRANK's foot slipped, and I got him in chancery. He suffered then, handsomely, and when I let him go, slipped down like a wet dish-rag, and couldn't be brought to time again on any terms.

The sponge was thrown up, and I was declared the victor. Some thought I was JACK HEENAN in disguise.

Pillage was now the order of the day . . . or the dis-order, rather.

We had a splendid time. A jeweler's shop came in my way. If you want any gold pens and things, let me know. Then we fired the place, having fired our muskets first. As the flames reached the magazines, weekly and monthly, the air was shaken by frightful explosions. Some heavy firms burst up, also, and to this cheering music we marched back to Picaninni, by the fitful glare of the burning city.

At my quarters I found VICTOR EMMANUEL, waiting for me. He had heard of the row, and being anxious to encourage the manly art, started to see it. When he got half-way, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and was forced to return.

"Galivanti! . . . what is the matter with the eye?" asked he, excitedly.

"In flames!" laconically replied.

"And . . . hello! what is the matter with your eye?"

"Inflamed."

"Have you won?"

"One eye? I have two, Sire!"

"Did you win the fight?"

I drew the Bourbon rag from my pocket, and kneeling gracefully, presented it to him.

"Here, your majesty, are FRANCIS' colors; I conquered."

"The d . . . l you did?"

He turned away to hide his emotion . . .

Having hidden it, he remarked . . .

"That town was a shame to Italy."

"It was," I replied; "and now it is a Burning Shame!"

"Why," asked the King, "are you like a leaky barrel?"

"Because my Head swims?"

"No: because you are badly Bunged! Give us a chaw of tobacco."

Adieu, VANITY; I can write no more this time. Since my arms were amputated, I am easily fatigued. Likewise I am

Tout à vous,

MCARONE.

THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

VANITY FAIR wishes it to be distinctly understood, that in common with the other enormously advanced minds of the age, it offers its most pronounced thanks to MATTHEW VASSAR of Poughkeepsie, for his noble conceptions of female ability and his lordly liberality, as manifested in founding what bids fair to be the best educational institute for the Muslin Sex in America.

When VANITY FAIR sees that amid all the motley millions who throng our wild ways, not above one man in a thousand who gets a full education, developes a truly Genial mind, or one in which Genius and Practical Activity are always aglow, and secondly, when it realizes that not one girl in a thousand gets such an education as the men in question—why then VANITY FAIR thinks it by no means wonderful that the Muslin Sex referred to should comparatively seldom show us those great and earnest creators in art—those SHAKESPEARES and RABELAISES, and RAPHAELS—who are not, by the way, any too frightfully common among those of the Cassimere Denomination.

We wish to see it fully and fairly tried—this experiment of giving to growing girl-minds good solid pabulum—good food of literature not expurgated into the mere moral broth of erudition—substantial knowledge of old English classics, and with them those of Roman, Greek, Provencal, German, French and Italian days. With this condition, we would like to see taught the coæval history of men and of art—architecture, painting, music and every expression of the Beautiful. Not forgetting the fact that Life is—or may be—a brave, strong, earnest career, full of great objects, glorious aims and not a mere husband-hunt, and endless house-keeping or "society"—ing.

This isn't, we know, Mr. VASSAR, exactly the programme laid down by most fashionable young lady school-keepers. But everything laid down in it, excellent Sir, (and much more with it, including healthy physical culture, and much practical art,) may be very sufficiently mastered during the same time now devoted to what is by excess of courtesy termed "an education." Fact.

We are under the impression, Mr. VASSAR, that your institution will be a comprehensive and a progressive one, wherein great pains will be taken to give not only a solid but a liberal training in Science, Literature and Art. If this be indeed the case, we promise you that a future generation will place you miles in glory and in greatness above every Politician of the age—no matter who he may be, or what his confounded politics may have been.

Amazonian Warfare.

It is said the Southern girls are as patriotic and belligerent as the men. We do suppose that if a regiment of gallant young Northerners went to Charleston just now, the fair ones would rise *en masse* and take them all . . . for better or worse!

By our Modiste.

Why do fast Philadelphians "go it like bricks?"

ANSWER. *Pour conserver la couleur locale.*

Question for Governor Pettus.

Do the secessionists hope to silence the North-west by shutting up the Mouth of the Mississipi?

DESIGN FOR A COAT AND TROUSERS IN ONE PIECE—SUGGESTED BY A BACK VILW OF THE PREVALENT HALF-SHELL OVER-COAT.

A Bad Look-out.

A cotemporary, prophetic of Southern prospects, gives utterance to the following wail:

"Alas! and a sad heigho! and may we never live to see it. The day when Cotton becomes a drug, and the day after there will be no Bread."

That is very melancholy. But alas! and a sad heigho! on our own private account, too, and to think of the day when Cottou has got to "go under," and that the day after there will be no Gin!

Too Florid'ah!

A salute of thirteen guns was lately fired at Pensacola in honor of the Lone Star flag of Florida.

Of course, when Florida Flags she'll Star't a Loan.

Perforative.

Why is General SANDFORD like the Hoosac Tunnel?

He's a great Bore and slow getting through.

True once, true ever.

"Roman History shows that the Senate and the *Tribune* were always opposed."

Just so. And HORACE's late trip to Albany proves it.

Roll on Niagara!

The Niagara brings $1.080.000 in specie. What a Windfall from a Waterfall.

The Vessels generally preferred by Navy Officers.

Weaker Vessels.

THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN: At Wheatland.

HON. J. B. FLOYD: On the banks of the Potomac, adjoining the Washington Arsenal, is a brick building of massive proportions, and well secured by bolts and bars, which should be prepared as a residence for the late Secretary of War. As it overlooks the Arsenal Grounds, Mr. F. will have an opportunity of gratifying the interest he undoubtedly feels in the manufacture and distribution of Arms, by seeing the men make, and test those newly prepared. He will not be alone in his retirement, as Messrs. BAILEY and RUSSELL will probably take up their abode with their Boon companion. Proceedings are in progress to carry out this proposition, and Messrs. F., B., and R., will, before long, be lodged at the expense of the Government, a new style of pensioning which should have been practiced long ago.

MR. COBB, MR. PHILIP CLAYTON, and MR. JACOB THOMPSON, will find their proper places in the governments of their respective States. The financier reputation gained by the first two named gentlemen is a guarantee of the faithfulness and ability with which they will discharge the duties of the Treasury of their new Republic: while the Hon. JACOB can be in no better place than as the custodian of the State Bonds.

In the following cases the Right Man will be surely in the Right Place.

Hon. L. M. KEITT: Hanging to one of "the pillars of this accursed Union"

Hon HENRY A. WISE: In the Asylum, at Stanton, Va.

ROGER A. PRYOR: Anywhere where he can speak and mouth, to rocks and stones, or to intelligent savages.

Hon. CHARLES SUMNER: Bleeding Kansas having become a State, Bleeding SUMNER can do no better than transfer himself thither, or to any place where he can not be heard of for the rest of his life.

Should these suggestions be followed, they would be found to work so well, that we would be requested to make some more of the same sort. At present, however, we content ourselves with laying these before the public, and intend to present a copy to the Republic of South Carolina. Mr. KEITT may signify their receipt under cover of his *frank*.

THE OTHER "ABOU-BEN-ADEM."

JAMES B—UCHANAN, may his tribe decrease!
Awoke one night from a strange dream of peace,
And saw within the curtains of his bed—
Making his t'other eye to squint with dread—
Old JACKSON writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding Rye had made BUCHANAN bold,
And to the stern ex-President he said;
"Wha—what writ'st thou?" The spirit shook his head,
The while he answered, with the voice of old;
"The names of those who ne'er their country sold!"
"And is mine one?" asked J. B. "Nary!" cried
The General, with a frown. BUCHANAN sighed,
And groaned, and turned himself upon his bed
And took another "nip" of "rye," then said;
"Well, ere thou lay thy record on the shelf,
Write me at heart, as one who sold himself;"
"Democs" and "Rye" so long my spirits were,
That when the "Crisis" came—I wasn't there!
The General wrote, and vanished; the next night
He came again, in more appalling plight,
And showed those names that all "true men" detest;
And lo! BUCHANAN's name led all the rest!

Motto for a dressmaker.

Let her rip.

VANITY FAIR SEES MARTHA.

"MARTHA" is a slow name until you PATTI it, when it is delicious enough. Same case with Opera of same denomination—FLOTOW was great on a Steal; witness his *Stradella*—but after all very pleasant when given with jolly Miss PHILLIPS, delicious COLSON and all the others, as the world heard it on Wednesday. Delightful indeed—'specially when you go with your sweetheart. Equal to Anything to see that glorious little contralto brick of a PHILLIPS, full of life and d'ablerie, *petillante fringante* and all sorts of delicate, spicy French adjectives, singing every note correctly, always well, always up to her work. And COLSON—that *diva* of incomparable shoulders, and soft roulades—*dio!*

The curtain rises, discovering Miladi Henrietta and Mees Nanci, her relative in a state of boredom which induces them to resolve to visit Richmond Fair, in disguise. Desire stimulated by orchestral performance. Enter Lord Treetahn—alias COLETTI—in the rich dress, (a cross between that of a squire of the XII century, and Blondin on the rope,) which was so generally worn a hundred years ago at the English court, as you all know. Harlequinades by Coletti, *a la* Scaramouch! also vividly English and a polka in which the fun and life of the ladies rises to fever heat. They are evidently Fast Girls.

Richmond Fair—servant girls wanting places—proceedings regulated (as was usual in England a hundred years ago) by an old French notary. Richmond represented in back ground by Italian town) Italian domestic architecture, generally used in England a century ago, owing to efforts of Inigo Wren and Christopher Jones.)

Enter LEEONAIL BRIGNOLI, attired as an English ploughman of the time, in silk tights, and black silk velvet doublet, with undersleeves of rich mauve satin, fine lace ruffles, and Etruscan gold studs for greater convenience in driving cattle. White morocco boots, belt, and lady's reticule complete him. Enter PLOONKEET SUSINI—a *Tedesco Italianazato*—dressed as a potato digger of the time of Queen Anne, in rich velvet doublet, with drooping Polish sleeves, romantic cap—and his nose, and glances scornfully shooting the moon at an angle of about ninety in the shade, in the manner generally observed in the English peasant.

Girls hired amid vast confusion, as they used to be married from off the California steamers—no word interchanged—first female name called out—then engager's and couple pair off together. Miladi Henrietta and Mees Nanci appear in disguise—hire themselves out and receive each a long blue purse, with double row of silver fringe. At which they laugh scornfully, leaping in wild glee from bar to bar as if intoxicated with Disdainful Joy.

House of the ploughman and potato digger. Ladies requested to make themselves useful. Decline very emphatically. Are desired to spin and inform their host that they are like the Lilies of Solomon. Are shown how and courteously retort by kicking the wheels over.

[N. B. How is it that BRIGGY never Can contrive to make that wheel go? Have seen him try it over and over, and always Get Stuck. Old SUSY works his like a good fellow, while FORMES—ah he was the boy. Maybe he didn't enjoy that bit of a lark—CATHARINE WHEELS—whoever she was—was nothing to him!]

Farmers, finding that nothing Useful is to be had from their new Help, apply for the ornamental. Better success. COLSON gives BRIGGY a flower which interested us amazingly, when we learned that it was the identical Last Rose of Summer of which we have heard so much. Were pleased to see that it held out incommonly well with Nary Wilt.

Farmers retire. Ladies escape. Time flies. A year. Finally SUSINI meets PHILLIPS with a set of young ladies, (appropriately and timely armed with boar spears.) Bores PHILLIPS, whereupon the huntresses set upon him with their weapons, and drive him back to his native thickets. Enter BRIGGY with the blues. Tries to sing Last Rose—can't—encounters COLSON—gets into trouble with guards—is "took up"—everybody "mizzable."

Denoument—all right. BRIGGY turns out to be a High Dalgo, and a Son of Somebody—impediments all removed—wedding.

Have heard MARTHA forty seven times—expect to hear it as often again—nothing in it, but very pleasant, "all same." Observed great improvement in singing—would like to suggest some of same in Dress. FORMES during his late performances of Lionel, used to dress it with something like historical accuracy.

But then nothing could be Funnier than the way BRIGGY and SUSY get themselves up—so go it ye cripples!

THE RUM OLD COMMODORE.

In the good old colony times, when this old hat was new, a traitor was a traitor, whether native or foreign-born, and our great and good and brave men, from WASHINGTON down to JACKSON treated them as such. Aye—did it right sternly sometimes.

But Commodore ARMSTRONG, late commandant at the Pensacola Navy Yard knows better than all this, and after sneaking away from his post, accepts honors and compliments from the foes of his fatherland—buttering over his infamy with the cowardly quibble, "I will not fire a gun on my countrymen."

We would like to know from the Run Away Commodore, the code by which Seceders, Traitors, and Outlaws are recognized as fellow countrymen. Also if he does not recognise those who turned him by force of Arms out of the Navy Yard, as Traitors and Outlaws, and if they are not, who are? Also how he, not regarding them as men to be fired on, can, with Consistency and Honor, retain office under the government with which they are avowedly at war?

Also if it was Handsomely Done of him to accept—as the *Mobile Weekly Dispatch* says he did—a Free Passage on board the Steamer Oregon. Said Free Passage being virtually in part payment for not firing on his "Countrymen."

Also if it was Becoming or Consistent with a Nice Sense of Honor to be, while in Mobile "the recipient of every act of politeness and honor which could be tendered him by citizens and military"—when those tendering these courtesies did so, if we understand his Advertising eulogist, to express their gratitude for his supposed sympathy with their cause?

Also whether an Officer who is going to account for leaving a post without an effort at defence, has any special cause of pride in having such compliments as the following paid him by the enemy?

"He was waited upon by prominent gentlemen of the city, and the "Washington Light Infantry" turned out in a splashing storm of rain, with a full band, as a special escort to the Montgomery steamer. With a nice sense of duty to the government which he had served so long, and from which he still held a commission, the old Commodore, however, declined the honor intended, though expressing his full appreciation and feeling acknowledgments. He could not prevent, though, another honor which the people paid him, *nolens volens*, for as he embarked on the steamer in the presence of an immense crowd, a piece of artillery which had been taken down to the wharf for the purpose, with its brazen throat proclaimed the respect and esteem in which he is held by the South, in a thundering salute. All honor to the man who said, "I will not fire a gun upon my countrymen," and surrendered his post and braved the censure of his government and the abuse of the whole North rather than do it. This is moral courage, and it is well that it is honored! This is the moral courage which ANDERSON and SLEMMER lack."—*Mobile Weekly Advertiser.*

A Nice sense of Duty! Whew! Uncommonly nice. And very fine Moral Courage!

Commodore ARMSTRONG—when History comes to tell the Truth of these Days it will have something to say about Pensacola and of You. And if those Historians do as their brothers of the new school are wont, and scrutinize all manner of popular expression, not forgetting the voice of the press, even unto the VANITY FAIR of the time—why they'll call you a Trimmer—one who would hunt with the hound and run with the hare—accept of honors from the Enemy and then keep place as before. *Litera scripta manet.*

Citing Scripture.

Looking across at the "Bible House."

Message of the South to England.

Cotton to us.

What is the best Method for Casting Cannon Balls.

Cast them aside.

Precept for the Queen.—Via Toronto.

Follow your *Leader!*

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VII.

She had a husband. I assert it boldly, I assert it defiantly, in the face of all the probabilities, I assert that Mrs. McCrowder had a husband. I know that she was a strong-minded woman, an overpowering woman, a woman very likely to have had several husbands and followed them severally to an early grave. But not at all the woman whom you would suspect of having a husband in the present as well as the preterperfect tense. Still the fact of Mrs. McCrowder's now and continuously existing husband stares me in the face. The fact may be difficult to account for. It is not a subject to be approached by the mere theorizer. I venture however, to suggest the hypothesis that Mrs. McCrowder's husband had kept himself up on strong beer. At all events he was in the gently lethargic and satisfied condition which a free use of that beverage implies, when six weeks after the occurrences of the preceding chapter, Mrs. McCrowder and Ann Eliza, burst into the basement parlor where he was seated with his face on his shirt buttons, and his feet on the fender.

"Beast! are you drunk this morning?" was the first marital blandishment lavished on him by the elder lady.

"He is drunker than usual," said the filial Ann Eliza with laconic disgust.

The paternal McCrowder lifted his head, rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and threw them around in a vague manner for the purpose of ascertaining his latitude. Having completed this observation to his satisfaction he replied,

"Well my love!—well my sweet? Is the house on fire?"

"Don't love *me*, sir!" replied Mrs. McCrowder fiercely.

"Couldn't help it if I tried," said Mr. McCrowder blandly.

"And don't sweeten *me* any more!" spoke Ann Eliza contemptuously.

"Thing's impossible," returned Mr. McCrowder with unruffled placidity.

"Are you the father of a family?" was Mrs. McCrowder's stern interrogatory.

"Nominally, my precious."

"Where is your paternal faithfulness, then?"

Mr. McCrowder looked mildly around the room as if he had mislaid the article and would presently think where he left it, and then, just as his face again dropped on his shirt buttons, murmured that it was on the top shelf of the pantry, right hand side, pushed back.

"There's one good thing!" said Mrs. McCrowder in a tone of grim satisfaction, resembling that of an ogre who just got a small boy to confess where he was fattest, and was proceeding to bite him in that particular spot—"We know where the beast has been and hid his beer jug that I've hunted for all this blessed morning. Not one drop more shall pass *them* lips *this* day, as I'm a Christian!"

Suiting the action to the word she climbed on a chair, brought down the anodyne to Mr. McCrowder's marital neuralgia, and triumphantly locked it in the side-board, pocketing the key. Which brilliant manœuvre being accomplished, she aroused Mr. McCrowder with a playful twig of those brief hairs situated on the inferior portion of the occiput, and with charming consistency requested him to hear her calmly.

"Do you mean to defend the interests of your helpless family?"

"My life, my fortune, and my sacred honor, so to do, are hereby pledged," responded Mr. McCrowder, stimulated by the twig to a state bordering on melodrama.

"Come now! None of that rhoddymontade! You ain't on the Bowery Stage, though you are playing the Drunkard's Wife, and me first lady! Lor' knows you might have been a supe on ten shilling a week by this time, if I hadn't taken pity on you!"

"Mrs. McCrowder!" said the husband of that lady, rising, and for the first time assuming an attitude of stern dignity, "Recollect that you are addressing an artist who has played Othello! That artist may permit his personal reputation to be compromised—but his professional, never!"

"Perhaps you'd like to play it again?" replied Mrs. McCrowder, "There's pillows in the back bed-room. Oh yes—try it! Kill me, if you please. *You dursn't.* You couldn't get a meal of victuals, you wouldn't have a roof to your head, nor a stitch to your back, if it wasn't for me. All I ask of you is to make believe you're a man for two hours, while you're going to defend your unfortunate family. I'll feed you, and clothe you, and give you a place to sleep, but you've got to make some return for it. Here are two delicate, frail women, and you're their natural protector—I ought to say *un*natural protector. What are you going to do for them?"

"Well, my Inestimable, the fact is that I'm up to any reasonable amount of protection, but a man needs data—data, my delicious. I can't protect you in the abstract. If I were to rush out in the street and knock down two or three inoffensive gentlemen, why I might hit the man that was going to assassinate you, and then again I might'nt. Chances is against it. If he was'nt the right one, I would be incarcerated, my solace. Notwithstanding and howsoever, I hold myself prepared to protect, in any given direction you may indicate. Mrs. McCrowder, where shall I protect you? Ann Eliza, my pigeon, what can I do for *you* in the protecting line?"

"Do you recollect, sir, that I told you Ann Eliza was engaged?"

"Which time was it, my best?"

"Hear my mean father!" said Ann Eliza between shut teeth

"Was it the time she shed her heart's young fragrance on Mr. Dromiderry? Or when Don de Bassuras basked in her beams? Or which of the numerous excellent chances for a son-in-law in which, my turtle, I have been too fondly credulous from your brilliant and always seductive representations, my cape-jassamine?"

"Mother! Will you let the drunken-kik-kik-creature insult me in that way?" sobbed Ann Eliza, crimson with rage.

"Which time was it? you —— Man!" cried Mrs. McCrowder, snatching at that last epithet as if it were the fittest symbol for all human degradation. "Do you dare to harrer up the nature of this delicate child right in my teeth and eyes by such a question as that there? A sea-lion in Barnum's Museum with any human feelings wouldn't lower himself by such brutality! You're a pretty one to come and twit your only child with the early indiscretions of a susceptible heart? *You*—who owe it to the fact that woman's tender nature makes a fool of her judgment, that you've got a wife to keep you from the gutter and be paid for it by your abuse! Now sir! you be quiet if you please, and don't let me hear no more about *which* time—or I'll let you know this time in a way you'll remember! I oughtn't to condescend to tell you—but its young Primpenny I'm talking about, as you know just as well before,"

"Oh, it's young Primpenny, is it, my gentle one? Well—what has young Primpenny done, my cynosure?"

"It's what he *hasn't* done! Six weeks ago he was here with that good-for-nothing Muffles and spent all the blessed evening in this parlor, a laying himself out to win Ann Eliza's youthful affections, but not one single time since then has his precious shadow crossed that there sill! Now I want to know if that's behavior! I'd like to have you tell me if you're going to stand it, and call yourself a man and a father?"

"My lamb, 'pon me soul I can't see how I'm going to catch a young man's shadow, and bring it over the sill if he don't want to come with it. It isn't the thing you know to arrest a young gentleman and march him in by the coat-collar to make a call as if Ann Eliza was the Petty Sessions. Perhaps Mc What-ye-callum labors under the impression that he stayed long enough when he *was* here, to last sometime. Perhaps he means to pay himself in quarterly instalments, in which case, why don't you see, my double-carnation, that he'll be round again in six weeks more like a dividend?"

"And the things I done—and the expense I went to—and the way I laid myself out generally, to make Ann Eliza look her beautifullest that there night!" said Mrs. McCrowder indignantly, considering her spouse's suggestion too far below contempt to notice.

"There was the barber to curl her hair as good as natural which was fifty cents. There was the fresh pot of lily-white and the bottle of liquid rouge, just to touch up her cheeks where she'd got pale with being up late at the party two nights before—that was twelve shilling. Then the punch, and the cakes, and the anxiety of mind, and everything double too, because that Muffles had to be invited likewise. I don't say nothing of the suffering the dear, sweet, modest girl went through in making that there bold stroke among the Spaniards—throwing her arms round a strange feller's neck and fainting dead away as natural as life, and being lugged like a leather trunk down three pair o' stairs without so much as wincing. I don't mention such feelings as that—because they're delicate and can't be understood by a brute. No more do I mention what distress it gave a mother to offer such advice to her daughter—to tell her to go and make that there bold stroke, not knowing but she might be jammed against the wall a comin' down and scream out, and be caught a making b'lieve by them young men—or might get a wipe of the wet towels which was put on her to bring her to, over the very spots where the complexion was laid

on, or might fail some way and ring herself to shame with the parent that was trying to get her settlement in life. What with the expense, and the shock of that re ere bold stroke to a timid young shrinking creature like Ann Eliza, nd the misery I was in for not knowing how things would turn ou till I saw tho e two fellows all safe and muddled, young Primpe y's not a che p catch nohow! When he'd gone, and Ann Eliza owed me the lock of his hair, and the place where she'd cut ou such a long p ece of her own, that I had to get her a six dollar braid before e could go anywhere without showing a bald-spo and when th darling told me that he'd come out fair and squ , and she'd s ched and waited and finally said 'yes' together wi some lines fr m Byron, just as I told her, I felt as if I'd got a kit en range off n y bosom!"

"Very comfortable feeling, my b o' day."

"And now sir—I'd just like to ow—if after s l those sacrifices on the part of your innocent and ffering family, you're going to let that young Primpenny slip th ugh your fing rs, because there isn't man enough in you to go r nd and tell h n what is due to honor and respectability? That's e question!"

"Adorable Emmeline! has it oc rred to you th t a line from our charming one, directed to Mr. Pri penny, might combine all the advantages of the course you pr se with the ossibility of my remaining in the bosom of my lov g family?"

"*A* line? I tell you, McCrowde that the rose-tinted note which this poor dear girl has wrote inv i tions on to that fellow would make a new complete Ladies' Ma al of Gentility! She's wrote for him to come to little suppers, nd I was fool enough to get the oysters before the answer—whic spoiled, his cold words being "much obliged, but otherwise e gaged." She's hinted to him whether it wouldn't be nice to ake a little p ty to Wallack's, and not even a ticket did he send er for a reser d seat, when his words was colder still. She's wr to know if t y couldn't meet at church, and the way she spo of their blis ully hearing the tuneful organ together as their he ts melted into harmony sweeter far, was enough to bring tear the eyes of a int! What was his reply to that there? The cru est of all! It came in a brown envelope, and was only two line long; he had promised to take

another lady to Grace that Sunday. She signed her notes your own eternally, and he signed his your obedient servant, which, when a man acts his fashion isn't the truth, to say nothing of sweetness. And the last note she sent him hasn t been answered at all, that went off yesterday week. He's a pe fidious deceiver, that's my opinion, and if he wants to back ou of his word to a feeble confiding woman, all I've got to say is, it'l be the hardest job he ever done!"

"But it won't be a job that will last him for ife, as in case he pursues the other course, my barley-sugar," marked Mr. McCrowder, with a semi-somnolent and pensive air of great experience.

"Well, Ann Eliza, my precious trouble," he continued, "so you want me to go and catch you a perfidious villain, do you, my darling bother? Previous to the screws being applied, it may not be out of the way to know where the perfidious villain keeps himself. Or shall I advertise for him, my delicious discomfort?"

"Oh, oh!" said Ann Eliza tearfully, "you'll be sorry for all this abuse some day. You'll lose me, you'll be punished, I'll be taken away from you."

"*He* wouldn't care, not *he!*" said Mrs. McCrowder.

"Well, I can't say that it would hurt me very bad, providing the affliction came in a satisfactory male shape, my pigeon. But you have not given me the data, my beloved ones. Where does the perfidious being hang out?"

"All the notes which this here unfortunate dear child has wrote has been sent by Mr. Muffles," replied Mrs. McCrowder. "And that Muffles, which also makes me think things is not as they should be, makes a practice of dining out on the days when he's promised to tell me where Primpenny lives that same evening. But the name and residence must be in the directory. Well, McCrowder, will you go and hunt him up for a personal explanation?"

"Wait a bit, my ony-dony. Work on me gradually. Mollify me, my wedded bliss. Where's the beer?"

"Now that's a man, McCrowder my dear. Here's the key of the side-board, Ann Eliza, get the beer for your poor tired father, love."

"I shall have to do a great deal of riding, my pretty one. Let me see, how many stage fares shall I want? About twelve shilling's worth, I guess, that's twenty-four fares. I may take the cars a dozen times or so, my luscious—that's sixty cents, call it a dollar if you haven't time to send for change. Sum total a quarter eagle. That will be compact. Do you happen to have the little amount handy, my soul's wealth? Mollify me, sweet, mollify me!"

"Won't a two dollar bill do, McCrowder dear?"

"Well, perhaps I am not quite well enough to venture out today, and—"

"Oh certainly, McCrowder, here's the quarter eagle. Remember your failing, dear. Don't stop too often to take something to take you know. Here's your coat, and your gloves, and hat, and cane. Be firm but gentle, McCrowder, my dear. Appeal to his feelings. Bring him home with you to supper if you can. Stand up like a man and protect your family, McCrowder, and we'll have some very nice devilled bones when you get back."

Mr. McCrowder lifted the restored jug, and for five minutes kept the red round shiny disk of his countenance, like a very inflamed and bibulous sun in eclipse, behind the earthern orb. He then carefully replaced the cork with the mirthful explanation that he didn't want his old friend to take cold on an empty stomach, added that he was mollified, and betook himself to the street. The ladies smiled benignantly at him through the basement window as he slumped drowsily along towards Broadway, and he with gallantry worthy of an old actor, threw kisses back at them in a distracted manner, which led the Bleecker-street neighbors to suppose that he was unkind to his family, and took this public opportunity to shake his fist at them.

Having reached Broadway it occurred to him whether Mr. Pfaff, who occupies that pleasant little cellar right above the corner, wasn't just the man who, from his well-known literary penchant, would be likely to have a private library including the New York Directory among other standard works of the day. At any rate, Mr. Pfaff could tell him where to get that volume, which would be a great saving of time. He accordingly descended into Mr. Pfaff's. Singularly enough Mr. Pfaff had not the Directory, but then he had some very nice Philadelphia bottled ale which was the next best thing. Of this next best thing Mr. McCrowder took two stage-fares worth, and reascending to the street renewed his quest for a Directory. Before arriving at the brilliantly original conjecture that some drug-store might by chance possess the work, he visited several other very likely places where they keep the next best thing.

Finally, at Dupuy's, he made the discovery of Mr. Isaiah Primpenny's down and up-town numbers. A most puzzling question now arose in his mind. Should he go up or down—to Mr. Primpenny's business resort, or his domestic retreat? The hour was early, but Mr. Primpenny might have been sick, and not gone down to business, or he might have been taken sick down town and come up. In fact, a thousand things might have happened to infuse that painful element of human uncertainty into Mr. Primpenny's whereabouts. The question was not to be approached with precipitancy. He accordingly dipped into another place where they keep the next best thing, and debated the matter over a toby of it. On his emerging to the upper air with the important problem yet undecided, the fact that the first stage which passed him was going down, flashed on his mind the intuition that down was the

INTERESTING TO NIGHT SKATERS.

Cautious Man.—"WHY DON'T YOU WEAR A LANTERN, JACK?—YOU'LL BE RUN AGAINST, JUST NOW."

Other kind of Man.—"O! NEVER FEAR—I CARRY A STICK WITH A FOUR-INCH SPIKE ON IT INSTEAD.—ANYBODY WHO RUNS AGAINST ME WILL KNOW IT—YOU MAY DEPEND UPON THAT!"

proper direction. He hailed the driver, entered the vehicle, passed up his six cents, and feeling that he was on that most comfortable path of duty where one's own legs are not called into requisition, fell asleep. To Mr. McCrowder it seemed only three minutes after that, (though we, who know that the stage belonged to that venerably sedate line which runs through Clinton Place, can believe that it was longer) when he was startled by a hand on his shoulder, and awoke to discover, with much rubbing of the eyes, that he was at South Ferry. Having intended to get out at Courtlandt street, he felt so much chagrined in view of this contretemps, that nothing short of the next best thing was competent to revive his spirits for retracing his steps to Mr. Primpenny's store. The additional consideration that he had a delicate mission to perform, none other in fact than the protection of an innocent and injured family, led him to repeat the dose thrice during the passage to that haunt of commerce. Allowing for these necessary detentions, he made very good time, and at three P. M. stood beneath the great black coal-scuttle which proclaimed Primpenny to such of that manysided public as have a private fireside.

Mr. McCrowder was now in that halcyon state of mind when peculiarities of early nature or training revive in all their former prominence. He felt as if he once more trod the boards of the Old Park, and was a mysterious nobleman entering, at the risk of his life, a hostile fortress to defend down-trodden virtue, and throttle tyrannic wrong. All this he felt, also that he was quite equal to the emergency.

A young man stood just inside the door, sorting scuttles to fill a foreign order, with a tow-cloth apron on, and a pen behind his ear. Mr. McCrowder's pudgy little legs approached him with the stage-walk.

"How are you, Mr. Primpenny?" asked he sternly, regarding his face with a rigorous inspection that he might catch any symptom of confusion which would doubtless appear thereon, if he were Mr. Primpenny, and felt his conscience smite him.

"I'm not Mr. Primpenny," said the youth, "you'll find him back in the counting-room."

"Sir! do you mean to tell me you're not Mr. Primpenny?"

"I do, just that."

Mr. McCrowder having satisfied himself by another piercing glance, quoted from Hamlet in his interview with the king, that this was not Mr. Primpenny, pursued his way into the back office. Several people were here busily engaged in hoeing together little potato hills of coin, and plowing their way with steel-pens into the virgin soil of big ledgers. Nobody noticed him at first, so he coughed, and in the high tragedy tone again said, "Mr. Primpenny!" That gentleman looked up and replied, "Well sir? despatch your business rapidly, sir! I'm in a great hurry to-day, sir!"

"Grant me the favor to step aside. I must discourse of important matters. You are an older man, far older than I supposed you must be—"

"Well sir! Is that any of your business, sir? No sir!"

"Do me the favor to recollect that I am the father of a family. I had a daughter once, a noble girl! I have her still, but deep-seated anguish gnaws at her heartstrings like a worm i' the bud, and sooth to say, she may depart to heaven untimely. And you, you, *you* with those venerable yet perfidious locks, will be guilty of the deep damnation of her taking off!"

"Sir! you're drunk—you're crazy—clear out, sir!"

"Shake not those gory—I mean hoary—locks at me! Though you are a man of such ancient and fishlike appearance—scaly, I mean by fish—yea, though you are a lean and slippered pantaloon, my daughter loves you! Say, Primpenny, why don't you write—why don't you call if you can't write? I don't want to be hard on you, but you're killing my only child!"

"You smell of beer, sir!—you're as drunk as a loon, sir! What do you mean by talking to me about your daughter, sir? When did she ever see me, sir?"

"You m-m-met by chance, the usual way," sobbed Mr. McCrowder. "You were introduced by Muffles, who will beat the muffled drum at Ann Eliza's funeral."

"Mr. Muffles! Oh! he's the friend of my son. Why this is terrible! Surely Stuyvesant can't have—"

"Yes he has! Stuyvesant's the man! that's the name! Where does he live?"

"No — 34th street. But there must be a mistake! the dear boy can't—"

"I tell you he has! Happy to find that you are the paternal and not the perfidious Primpenny. I'm on my way to 34th street. We meet again at Phillippi."

And before the elder Primpenny could stop him, Mr. McCrowder had bolted from the store, scaled the outworks of a stage, and was off for the separate establishment of the prodigal son. An hour more, and his hand was on the bell pull of that retreat. The interview that followed will be *our* next best thing.

(To be Continued.)

The Montgomery Convention.

We hail the following from Mr. RHETT with a loud guffaw:

MR. RHETT—I think our proper course is to elect a President of the Convention. On the part of the deputies from South Carolina, I present the name of a gentleman for that office who has been illustrious on the arena of the general government—whose fame is so co-extensive with the length and breadth of this whole country—I nominate the Hon. HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, President of this Convention. [Applause.]

There is no doubt of that, Mr. RHETT; not only "co-extensive with the length and breadth of this whole country, but you might have added also "depth," so far as the Treasury Purse was concerned.

A Sumpter Mule.

A part of the army equipment overlooked by South Carolina, politely furnished by the United States, and named Bobby.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

DARNACION, Feb. 3.

COURAGE, KIND KOMRADE. — Spring approacher. GARIBALDI is raising radishes and green peas . . . I am raising an army. With Spring comes a renewal of hostilities, and the dogs of war will soon be loosed. My good JOSEPH will leave his cucumbers and huckleberries, and Italy shall resound with the din of conflict, like a Sixth Ward political meeting.

Viva l' Italia, é la Liberta!

La ci darem, dolce far niente; noli metangere, strida la vampa! Violincello, non ti scordar di me, vermicelli!

Such, dear VANITY, are my sentiments, expressed in the beautiful idiom of my adopted land. I write them with hot but patriotic tears, as I write them.

I have just come from Rome, where I went to see PIUS NONO. I went to present him with my ultimatum.

"Look here, PIUS," said I, "it is no use for you to hold out against me. With the slight but convenient assistance that VICTOR EMMANUEL and GARIBALDI give me, I can conquer all Italy in a short while."

"FRANCIS II. backs me," said his Holiness, thoughtfully.

"Bah! I whipped him at Galivanti."

"The dickens you did! No! I had not heard of that!"

"It is true, nevertheless."

. . . In a few words I told him of the battle of Galivanti.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed; "my cake is all dough, I fear. What is your game? What do you want me to do?"

"Surrender the Papal States to me. You may still have the title of Pope, and the privilege of the Vatican, but I must have the power now vested in your office."

"H'm," said his Holiness; "where do you come from?"

"My name is MCARONE, on the Campian hills and elsewhere. I am the Liberator of Italy and the Correspondent of VANITY FAIR."

"Don't you write the Charleston Correspondence for the *New York Tribune?* It is somewhat in your style."

"Don't insult me, PIUS," said I.

"Pardon me! Now, about your ultimatum . . . I can't accept. I prefer to keep my authority as long as possible."

"Then down goes your shanty! You had better pack up your things for a trip somewhere: Hoboken is a quiet place, and they have good lager there."

"I do not fear. The Disaffectionists are numerous, and my opinion is, that in the Spring I can raise an army to wipe you out as easily as THURLOW WEED wipes his slate at the beginning of a campaign."

This allusion, made in complimentary to my nationality, touched me.

"At all events, PIUS," said I, "come what may, I can say that you have always treated me in the gentlemanly manner I deserve. Have you any liquor in the house?"

He rang, and a servant in the papal livery prepared two excellent cocktails, in which we drank the old toast, "May the Best Man Win!"

I took the cars at once for Darnacion, where my faithful army is in part encamped.

CAVOUR is here, and I am pumping him concerning LOUIS JAPOLEON'S plans. LOUIS was always a secretive cuss, and I don't believe CAVOUR knows half so much as he pretends.

Still, I have learned that the Emperor will not interfere with me at present, and he may assist me if I need him. He is evidently desirous that I shall think well on my side, as he has heard some hints, from THOUVENEL (who is awfully afraid of me) of a plan of mine for subjugating France, and annexing her to Italy. This, of course, as a last resource. I do not wish to interfere with LOUIS, so long as he behaves himself, but I want him to understand that I will not be trifled with.

. . . Since writing the foregoing I have received a telegram from the Pope, to the effect that he will abdicate, if I will assume his place and continue the pontifical government unchanged. Of course, I cannot think of such a thing, though perhaps VICTOR EMMANUEL might like the berth. I shall ask him about it. My future is too brilliant to be quenched under a pontificate, and I am

Always yours,

MCARONE.

AN EPISTLE FROM AN OUTRAGED ALDERMAN.

(Who as he never did anything that was considered meet, can't be expected to do anything that will be considered Metre.

I vow and declare it would make a saint swear to have to sit quiet
and listen to all the wituperation,
And lavish abuse, which is flung around loose against us unfortunate members of the City Corporation.
It's a sin and a shame, the way people make game of all our purceedings and deliberations,
We're ridiculed freely by BENNETT and GREELEY and all the rest of them stupid Editorial Donkeys, which blindly shuts their eyes to the noble and patriotic objects of our expenditures and civic operations.

Sometimes when we meet, we're informed that a street should be opened through somebody's property in consequence of the city's up-town movement;
And the Contractor offers us, say a thousand dollars' worth of arguments to show that it's a desirable improvement:
Well, we nat'rally suppose that the said Contractor knows (since opening streets is his business) all the necessities in that department of our jurisdiction,
Unless the proprietor can advance still stronger arguments—say five thousand—to the contrairey, when of course we drops the matter, which only proves as we're open to conviction.

In order to please them outlandish Japanese, we arranged a grand purcession of hackney coaches, and to a select and recherchey swarry at the Metropolitan did inwite 'em;
Whereupon with the basest ingratitude, the public and press assume a hostile attitude, and in a indelicate and inquisitive manner insist on investigating each indiwidual item.
The efforts of our committee to do proper credit to the city have created a regular Japanic among the tax-payers, who are all snarling and snapping:
Why, not if we did spend a few hundreds in 'yaller kid' and other little things of the kind? I'm sure it's not the fust time we've been cau[ght] at kid-napping.

All our little jobs and contracts is opposed by them as has to pay the taxes, as if Aldermen ought to be prevented from making a decent living in peace and quiet;
And I'm grieved to notice that You, in the matter of our brownstone statty, jine in the general hue and cry aginst our bad taste and extravagance in appropriating the public funds to buy it.
Now let me tell you that all the newspaper abuse isn't of no kind of manner of use, and besides, you're a-flying in the face of Scripture, which says expressly that prophets isn't never known in their own country and generation,
And we havn't the slightest intention our private arrangements to mention, or make our profits known to this perwerse and stiff-necked nation.

Take it up Tenderly.

Why is the Four Cent Man always drunk on a stormy day?

Because he has several sheets in the wind!

The above was left at our office, by a person of nautical aspect, supposed to be a ticket taker on a Hudson River steamboat. He is respectfully informed that there is a magnificent service of plate awating him at the address of this paper.

A Hint to Bonner.

Major ANDERSON would be a good card for the New York *Ledger*, and not bad for a melo-dramatic engagement since the Charlestonians are anxious that he should be Brought Out.

Babbling Brooks.

JAMES and ERASTUS.

The Centre of French Political Power.

All ABOUT.

P. F.

I KNOW I shall burst some day,
For I feel my waist bands tightening,
And I roar and laugh in such a way,
My wife and children frightening.

If I don't keep out of Broadway
In the region opposite Trinity,
You'll see me melt and exhale away,
To the regions of infinity.

To see a great "gaw-gaw,"
With the grass from his boot tops growing,
And the sapient air of a Johnny raw,
Into those fool-traps going!

There the black villains stand
All day in the self same places,
With Thief and Scoundrel by God's own hand
Written all over their faces.

A jewelled Thief behind a bench,
And thieves before him twenty;
With sunken eyes and a rummy stench
And smoke and hair-dye plenty.

Poor Johnny sees the golden array,
And learns they are "going, going!"
He can't help stopping to hear what they say,
With an air intensely knowing.

"New gold watches for half their cost!"
He thinks it a very great pity—
But oh! the bliss to go home and boast,
How he humbugged them chaps in the city!

So he nibbles the hook, holding tight to his bills,
While the fishermen skilfully play him,
Till the barb is fast in his innocent gills,
And they haul him in and flay him.

He clutches his watch of "solid gold"
That he bought for thirteen dollars!
A thing just fit to be hammered and rolled
And made into puppy collars.

And away he runs with his splendid hit,
To his bosom friend light-hearted;
And there he finds "the biter is bit,"
And "a fool and his money soon parted"

Next with a dolorous whine he goes
To the principal Thief of the city,
Who grins and winks with thumb on nose
As he lists to the mournful ditty.

A policeman is sent to examine where
The job was so nicely done for him;
But the place is closed, and Johnny must wear
The cap that his folly has won for him.

This thing will be the death of me—
This endlesss procession of noodles!
And funnier far it seemeth to be
Than BURTON of old in the Toodles.

One thing let us tell each greedy calf,
And to that I move we pin 'em;
Only thieves can sell you watches for half
The price of the gold that is in 'em!

MUTTON, CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

Ever foremost in catering for the public—what? taste? the *Herald*, in its issue of the 7th instant informs its readers that:

"The match between GEORGE MCCOMB, alias DARBY, and RODGER GORMAN, at sheep-dressing, for $50 a side, was decided at KERRIGAN Hall last evening. . . . A graphic report will be found in our columns."

Curious to know whether the "report" was, indeed, worthy of its eulogistic adjective, we read it, and found it to be not only "graphic," but wrought up to a degree of graphicity that can hardly be expressed without having recourse to the somewhat powerful substantive-driver, "bloody." It opens with a description of the locality, and some of its pleasing features. "With an ordinary pair of nostrils," says the *Herald*, "one could locate the bear, the dogs, the rats and the ferrets without the slightest difficulty." Of course the *Herald*, being provided, as most people know, with a very extraordinary pair of nostrils, distinguished and classified the toilet perfume referred to with facile accuracy. As we read on, crimson butchers arose before our mental vision like flowers of spring, until "KERRIGAN'S Pit" was revealed to us as a lovely parterre of poppies, with JAMES GORDON BENNETT, showering upon them, from a vast watering-pot, a sweet summer rain of the delicious spirit called in the vernacular 'Red-eye.'

Then the scene changed, and the gentle poet of 'Mary Ann,' and proprietor of the *Herald*, appeared to us in the pastoral guise of a shepherd with crook and pipe; the former instrument affecting the similitude of a rag-picker's hook, the latter that of a Scotch bag-pipe sadly afflicted with wind. Thus stood the shepherd when according to the "graphic report," "ten sheep were thrown into the ring, and the friends of the parties began to prepare for the contest."

In the next paragraph of the 'Graphic Report,' which is devoted to the preliminaries, there is a pleasing little social picture of the *empressement*, with which certain blessed little butchers of tender years hastened to hold the "rope-yarn and the skewers," in their small, pink hands.

In the following division of the 'Graphic Report,' which is idyllically headed "Darby's Dressing," there is one noble line, which we must quote entire. It runs as follows:

"The sheep were pronounced sufficiently dead for dressing."

Old thoughts crowded upon us, as we read this line. It recalled to us the happy, happy pit-tickets of our first play-going days, and the farce of "Monsieur Tonson," and the little Frenchman who, to the exquisite melody of "Malbrouk," used to troll the enchanting words "Monsieur Tonson is dead, ead, He is very dead-ead, indeed!" How fine in the *very* of that song, as also, in the *sufficiently* of the master-line quoted above from the 'Graphic Report,' is the delicate appreciation of degrees of deadness! And yet it is painful to reflect that the grand old expression, "dead as mutton," is sadly enervated by that very assumption of degrees, if the latter are to be admitted in connection with the demise of sheep.

"Gorman Victorious" is the terse caption to the last division of the 'Graphic Report.' It has a fine, mouth-filling roll, has that caption, reminding one of "Jupiter Tonans," only rounder. "Gorman, who has been helping carry off the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his competitor, now makes his appearance in the uniform red shirt and long boots." That is a fine piece of coloring; we think we see Gorman before us—or, is it GARABALDI? *Chef-d'œuvre* is the French for mutton. There is one thing bad about Gorman—he "blows his sheep before he hangs them up." That indulgence of Gorman's in the evil habit of cursing, must have allayed greatly the pleasure derived from the mutton match, by the gentlemen who hung breathlessly around Kerrigan's Pit. In this case the commination was pusillanimous, too; for Gorman should have reflected that a dead sheep could not retaliate and blow him.

"How the fur flies!" exclaims the author of the report, "and with what quickness the sheep are borne out of the ring!" Sheep, in common with cows, donkeys, alligators and swine, are fur animals.

In conclusion, the 'Graphic Report' repents, and is down upon mutton matches. "They are not very pleasant or profitable to witness," says that document. That is a pity: particularly as the *Herald* devotes a column to the description of "this, the first match of the kind ever performed here in public, and expected to lead to many more."

The *Herald* is a Very Virtuous Print.

A Voice from the Parquette.

It is a singular fact that, although theatrical people in general are remarkable for their liberality toward charitable institutions, they invariably indulge in invectives upon any allusion to a Poor House.

"THIS TILE $4."

Bowery Person,—"LET HER RIP!—THIS IS THE WAY TO STOP A HAT!"

MR. LINCOLN'S TOUR TO WASHINGTON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

SPRINGFIELD, FEB. 11.

THE DEPARTURE.

The depot was densely packed with people this morning, who had assembled to see their old nAber [This joke will be explained in our June number.—Ed. V. F.] off Mr LINCOLN wept at parting with his old friends, and asked them to pray for him, to which voices replied, "Well, we Will." After the train started Mr. LINCOLN became more cheerful, and set his Suite in a roar of laughter by telling them they Suited him. At Decatur he appeared on the platform of the car, and after the tremendous cheers of the assembled masses had subsided, he said: "My friends, I haven't time to make a speech, so I will tell a gag. Why am I like the——" but the train started, and his fellow countrymen at Decatur lost the benefit of the joke. He was called out at the next station and received with applause and shouts of "Hail to the Prairie Flower!" Mr. LINCOLN handed his umbrella to Col. ELLSWORTH of the Chicago Zouaves, and requesting the editors of the *Springfield Journal* to wipe off some crumbs of gingerbread, which had become entangled in his (Mr. LINCOLN's) whiskers, spoke as follows: "My friends, why am I like the early——" again the remorseless engine cut the joke short, leaving another brilliant assemblage in the agony of suspense.

As the train was slowly crossing a long bridge, Mr. LINCOLN's face assumed that indescribably humorous appearance which has rendered him remarkable, and the company prepared for one of his side-spliters. Thrusting his head out of the window, he hailed some laborers in the ravine below and asked them if they wanted any rails split. This impromtu sally of sparkling wit was so infinitely superior to the ordinary sallies that the editor of the *Springfield Journal* declared it should be called a Sarah. The reporter of the *Boston Advertiser* immediately telegraphed the joke to that paper, but the other reporters were compelled to content themselves with laughing immoderately over it, as jokes are not allowed in the journals they represent. At the next station Mr. LINCOLN succeeded in getting off his joke. "My friends, can you tell me why I am like the early dews of June? Do you give it up? It's because, ever of thee I am fondly dreaming!" He commenced laughing very heartily himself, but suddenly stopped on perceiving that the assembled multitude did not see it. There was a deathlike stillness in the vast crowd, and even the Suite only smiled in a feeble manner. Mr. LINCOLN retreated to the car with a disappointed air, and occupied his time until the next station was attained in silently masticating some gingerbread which he had, with statesmanlike precaution, put in his hat at starting. At the next station a telegram from the last station was brought in and read. It was as follows: "Joke just this moment understood. Whole town roaring with laughter, and buttons flying through the air like bullets at Bueny Visiter. Cannon firing and Fire Companies all squirting Bully for you. People want you to get off a joke on CAREY, as it hasn't been done yet."

The telegram effected a happy change in Mr. LINCOLN's spirits, and he again became the gay and giddy creature he was before. He said he could spell the hardest word of any man in the party, and commenced spelling stove pipe, but desisted on being informed that E. F. BIXBY and JERRY BRYANT had both done it once each. "I reckoned it was original with me," said Mr. LINCOLN, "but of course you know best. Oh yes—I dare say! I'm glad I've got so many smart people along! Glad n't you better take something warm, and lay down?" Nothing frets Mr. LINCOLN so much as to have his gags interfered with. At Danville there was another large crowd.

Mr. LINCOLN stepped out and remarked that if he had any blessings to dispense, he would certainly dispense the largest and roundest to his good friends of Vermillion county.

(Terrific cheers and cries of "Good for you! Give us all the offices you kin.") Mr. LINCOLN then entertained the crowd with a ballad, accompanying himself on a bass drum. As he breathed his soul into the lines—

Tell me ye windy wings
That round my pathway snore,

soft-eyed women and brave men—aye, white-haired veterans—could be seen wringing tears from their soaking-wet handkerchiefs, while tears stood in large puddles all around the train, making it bad for those who hadn't rubbers on. At Indianapolis, Mr. LINCOLN made a speech from the cupola of the Bates House, dressed in a green-bottle overcoat and blue-cotton umbrella. "If South Carolina," said he, "is right, then of course those who differ from her are wrong. (Cheers and cries of "We will! we will!") What's coercion? (Applause and cries of "It is! It is!") Let us not misunderstand (cheers) the meaning (" That's what we've always maintained!") of coercion and invasion. (A voice—"It is. By all means.") I ain't asserting anything myself (applause and a voice, "It is! it is!") but merely asking questions for you to think over and decide. (Immense applause.) Bless you, me children! Bless you!"

I fear my notes are imperfect, as I was unable to get inside the cupola on account of the jam, being compelled to hang to a joist by the teeth, and write with my left hand, my right being constantly occupied in keeping the pick bottle in my left coat-pocket from slopping over.

We are all of us—myself, LINCOLN and the rest—in excellent spirits, and hope to reach Washington by the first of next October at least.

Yours in Haste,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

Out in the Cold.

Poor South Carolina! Patriotic RHETT! Mudsill HAMMOND! Uncracked CHESTNUT! Oratorical ORR! And the "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" tribe that followed in the cry, is it not melancholy to think of a nation's ingratitude. Nary a Pres? Nary a Vice Pres? No front seat at all? in other words, no great Southern Harbor for the New Confederacy, and that Harbor Charleston? No recognition of the immense claims of the Palmetto 308,186 white candidates for fortune and for fame? Not even a show for our PICKENS, the perspicuous MAGRATH, or the astute MEMMINGER? And echo answers "That's So."

THE GREAT SHOW AT MONTGOMERY.

DOORKEEPER STEPHENS TO YOUNG PALMETTO.

DOOR-KEEPER.—VERY SORRY, MR. PALMETTO, THAT ALL THE FRONT SEATS ARE TAKEN, BUT WE HAVE A NICE BACK SEAT RESERVED FOR YOU, SIR!